

Maryknoll

THE FIELD AFAR

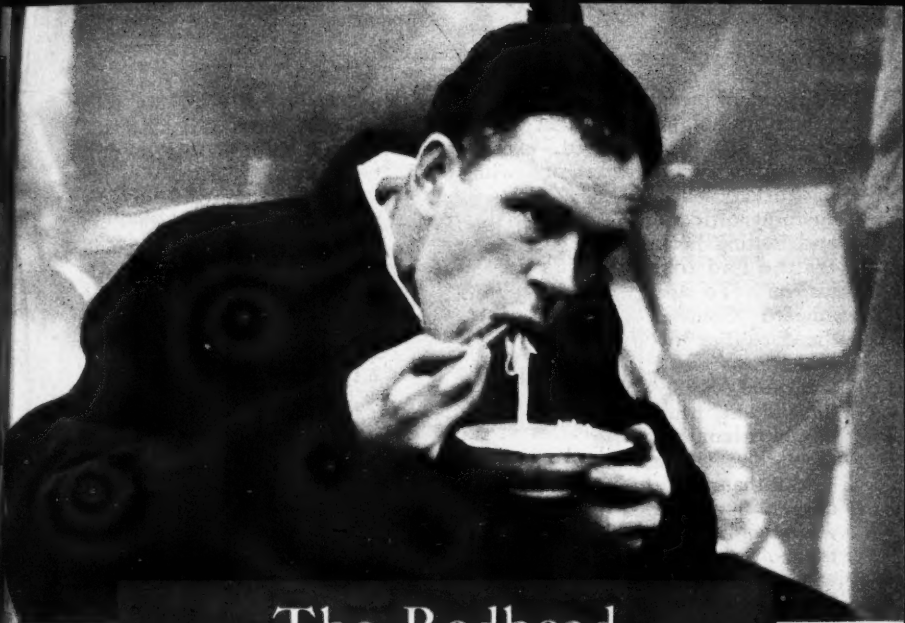




THE CHILDREN OF CHINA once again are short of food and the needs of life, once more live under an invader's rule. Our missionaries can aid them by offerings made through the Maryknoll Charity Fund. Interested?







The Redhead and the Turkey

by James F. Smith

A TRIP UP the West River on the junk "Eternal Happiness" is always an exciting experience for both passengers and crew. But the trip that will be talked about until the final voyage when the craft rolls over is the one that brought Father John M. McLoughlin, Maryknoll Missioner in Wuchow, China, to his mission post for the first time.

The passengers for that trip were in an excited state, to start with. A

typhoon was wreaking destruction on land and water, just one hundred miles to the south, and it might very possibly sweep up the river. To make matters worse, some rumors about pirates ready to board the junk that night had spread along the waterfront. Suddenly, all eyes were turned to a strange figure making his hurried way through the crowd on the dock, and followed by a coolie with a strange burden held above

Father John McLoughlin learns the needs and longings of his South China farmer-folk as he squats with them, eats with them, and chats with them

his head, protecting it from harm.

Father McLoughlin might have slipped aboard unnoticed, except that somewhere in the scramble with the ticket seller, customs officers, and jostling porters, he had lost his hat. To the amazed Chinese, the foreigner revealed the first, and quite possibly the reddest, head of auburn hair that they will ever see in their lifetime.

As if that were not enough for one day, the red-headed man's coolie was struggling with a light crate containing a feathered bird the like of which had never before passed under the eyes of those simple, up-country Chinese.

From the moment he put his foot on the deck, Father McLoughlin was the center of attraction, even out-drawing the leather-lunged medicine sellers who kept the passengers awake far into the night with the wild claims they made for their nostrums. On the first day aboard the river junk, the natives learned that the foreigner spoke excellent Chinese. This opened the way to a barrage of questions about himself, his native land, his eating habits—and whatever else could come to the mind of simple unlettered farmers.

The redhead was able to convince the questioners that foreigners have no special powers, such as being able to see through solid walls, or to drink

poison safely, and that there are poor people even in America. Being a true missionary, he never failed to take advantage of an opportunity to tell

the Chinese why he had come to their country, and to put in a little plug for God, Who was also strange to them.

Even in sleep, Father McLoughlin held his audience. There are no

staterooms on junks, and a passenger's berth is nothing but an allotment of inches on the long, narrow shelf that runs around the bulkheads. Consequently, every passenger is exposed to the view of everyone else. There was to be very little sleep for the foreigner that night: having finished with the priest for the time being, the ever-curious Chinese began to investigate the strange bird.

"What is it?" "Does it fly?" "Will it bite?"

While the watchful eye of the priest was upon them, nothing happened. But once sleep claimed him after the exhausting day, the investigation began in real earnest. A sharp stick inserted between the slats of the crate brought the bird out of its uneasy sleep with an angry cry. Then the bird's owner jumped quickly down from his "upper berth," to learn what had happened.

In spite of the color of his hair, Father McLoughlin has the patience of Job. Although he felt like throwing

OUR MAILING ADDRESS?

It's easy to remember.

Write to:

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,
MARYKNOLL P.O., N.Y.

MARYKNOLL, THE FIELD AFAR, Vol. XLIII, No. 5, May, 1949. Issued monthly. Rates: \$1 a year; \$5 for six years; \$50 for life. ENTERED AT POST OFFICE, MARYKNOLL, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER UNDER ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879, AUTHORIZED FEBRUARY 24, 1943. Acceptance for mailing at special rates of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized November 21, 1921. Published by (legal title) Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc., MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK.

some of the curious Chinese overboard, he merely gave them a lecture on minding their own business. And in order to secure some kind of peace for the rest of the night, he explained all about the strange bird.

"This bird," he said, "is a type peculiar to my country. It is called a *foh kai*; and we raise it to be eaten. Every year, in my country, we have a day on which we give special thanks to God for all His goodness to us during the year. It is our custom to eat *foh kai* on that day. Thanksgiving Day will come very soon, now, and I plan to spend it with some other American priests, who have not had a chance to eat this kind of meat for a long time. If you harm this American bird, you will spoil our feast."

Needless to say, the turkey finished the night in peaceful solitude. For there is one thing that no Chinese will do; and that is, spoil another person's feast.

This incident indicates the kind of success that Father McLoughlin has had in his work. His patience and good humor have always pulled him through the tough spots, and have won for him the love and admiration of the people. These traits were shown at their best during the closing year of the war, when this Maryknoller found himself in charge of one of the last strongholds of the Catholic Church in the area. Enemy troops had driven straight through Kwangsi Province. Priests, Chinese Sisters, seminarians, and as many Christians as could escape, followed the lead of Father McLoughlin and moved to a tiny mission station deep in the Kwangsi mountains.

There life was very difficult for

POWER OF EXAMPLE

Among the people isolated in the mountains with Father McLoughlin during the war were some officials of Kwangsi Province. Those Chinese were so impressed with Father's work during the siege, that they have given a large and fully equipped school to the mission, and have asked Maryknoll to take control of the largest high school in the city of Wuchow.

many months: the advancing enemy was a constant threat; bandits took advantage of the situation with many an unsuccessful night raid; food was scarce; tempers were at a breaking point. As superior of the "escaped" group, Father McLoughlin calmly kept everything under control. Classes were resumed for the students, while every able-bodied person on the compound was put to the task of gardening or of watching for attack. A special program of instructions for both Catholics and non-Catholics, lightened by song fests and other entertainment, helped pass the long and uneasy evening hours.

There are many gray hairs intermingled with the red hairs, now. But there is no essential change in Father McLoughlin. Thirteen years of traveling up and down the West River have made him a familiar figure to the boatmen. But generations of junk men still to be born will hear the tale of the red-headed foreigner who came aboard one day with his *foh kai*.

Peter Sells His Daughter

by James F. O'Day

"FATHER, will you give me permission to sell my baby girl to pagans and to buy a baby boy?"

"Peter," I said, "the Church absolutely forbids you to sell your child to pagans. You had better bring your little girl to the church so I can baptize her."

I spent a half hour instructing Peter on his duty as a Catholic to his baby girl. He seemed reconciled to keeping his daughter.

About a month later, Peter brought me a baby to baptize. I asked him what name he wished to give the child. He answered that he desired the boy to have the same name he himself had.

"I thought your baby was a daughter—not a son." Peter admitted he had sold the daughter and bought a son. I baptized the little boy, and then called the young father into my office.

"You must redeem your daughter!" I said. "According to the laws of the Church, you are excommunicated. And so are your parents because they constrained you to sell your daughter to non-Christians. God will punish you with many misfortunes unless you buy back your daughter."

Some months later I visited the village where Peter lived. I sat down outside his house, to cool off and rest from the long walk. Immediately Peter's mother came out. Falling at my knees, she screamed terms of abuse about her husband, her son,

and his wife. Finding it impossible to quiet her, I asked the catechist to lead the woman indoors.

Then I got the story from the rest of the family. Peter had not obeyed my direction to buy back his daughter. And the baby son had died only a month after being baptized. This caused the whole family to split apart. Each member was cooking his or her own meals. They weren't even on speaking terms with one another.

Peter's mother rushed out at this point, and started shouting abuse at her husband and the rest. They heaped abuse on her, too. Finally her husband gave her a blow across the head with his long bamboo pipe. Blood rushed from a wound as the woman ran down the village street, still yelling abuse.

I scolded the old man for hitting his wife, and I told him: "The devil has got possession of you and your family because you disobeyed God's laws. I won't stay at your house tonight. I'll go on to the next village."

Last week I received word that Peter was sick. The family wanted me to visit him and administer Extreme Unction. I found him in bed with a bad case of jaundice, and I gave him medicine.

Peter's family told me that they had taken back the baby daughter. I baptized the girl, and permitted all members of the family to receive the sacraments. But there is little prospect, I believe, that the medicine will restore Peter's health.



A DAY IN THE COUNTRY

Japan has over a hundred cities and some 1700 towns, but the great mass of its 65,000,000 people live in the country. Maryknoll's Father Thomas J. Prendergast, of Utica, New York, recently rode by bicycle out of Kyoto into the Japanese countryside. There are 10,000 country villages in Japan, each surrounded by a score or more of tiny hamlets, where rigid customs govern everyday life.

by Robert J. Waeldner


A PHOTO STORY



Father Prendergast learned that the Japanese farmer uses every square foot of his land. He seldom owns more than two acres, yet he feeds his family and has a little extra to sell. In photo above, workers are cutting rice; below, a farmer's daughter pounds rice; right, the farmer's wife winnows it.







In
one village, the
boys on their way
home from school pressed
around Father and were con-
sumed with curiosity to see his
camera. Despite the simplicity of
country life, all of the children go
to school. Ninety-eight per
cent of the Japanese people
can read and write.







In the country, as everywhere else in Japan, the children are delightfully charming. Japan's farmers maintain well-organized cooperatives for buying machinery and marketing their crops. Indeed, their union among themselves hinders Christian penetration; each depends so much on his neighbors, that he dares not break with them to worship Christ.



Harue Follows Her Boy Friend

NOBUO and his sweetheart, Harue, had great affection for each other. They planned to get married as soon as Nobuo's studies at the University should be completed. But one day their plans were rudely interrupted. A little, hacking cough had continued, until the young man concluded that he should consult a doctor. The dreaded verdict was pronounced: Nobuo had tuberculosis. He would have to go to the hospital for rest and quiet. He would have to give up his studies, although so much depended upon them. True, the youth and the girl could continue to be good friends; but marriage, the realizing of their dreams of establishing a home, was indefinitely postponed.

Harue visited her friend regularly at the hospital. In various small ways, she tried to make him happy. Nobuo, too, by his extreme patience and kindness, did what he could to make the little visits occasions of mutual help and strength. But as the days passed into weeks, Nobuo became aware that his was not a mild case—there was a possibility that he might not recover.

The sick youth began having rather serious thoughts—thoughts of death. At the University he had learned many wise sayings and strange facts,



by Clement Hanson

but nothing about the journey he was about to take. A Catholic priest had been visiting the hospital each week and spreading joy wherever he went. So one day Nobuo decided to ask the priest a question.

"What is the true story of life and death, Father?" inquired Nobuo.

Father Steinbach proceeded to unfold the ageless picture of Christ's coming, of His sufferings and death for us. He told the sick man that Christ had ordained a way for us to join Him after death and to be happy forever. After a fifteen-minute instruction, Nobuo was baptized.

Harue noticed a change on her next visit. She felt very lonesome at the thought that the grim reaper was about to snatch her loved friend away. The girl contemplated suicide and told Father Steinbach her intention. He assured her that suicide would take her in the opposite direction from her friend.

Harue didn't want that: she wished to be with Nobuo for eternity. She dwelt with her thoughts for awhile, and probably prayed a little in her own way. Then she sought Father Steinbach again. Harue is now a devout catechumen.

Nobuo has been called to his reward. To the end he kept repeating, "I have never been so happy."



WANTED IN CHICAGO!

WHAT would you do if you were in our position? Hundreds of young men from many parts of the United States wish to become Maryknoll missionaries. But we have no place to put them! Our present houses are full. For years we looked high and low for temporary quarters; but the few available required so much expensive alteration to adapt them to our needs, that we did not think any one of them a wise investment, even for an emergency.

For every group of 300 students we accept for training, we must provide a whole new unit: chapel, dormitories, classrooms, professors' quarters, dining hall, kitchen, assembly hall, power house, and other space. With the help of God and of you we are now building such a new seminary in Glen Ellyn, near Chicago, to provide for hundreds of future missionaries.

In these days, a seminary cannot be built for a "modest" sum. But where is Maryknoll to get the huge amount required? Frankly, we don't know. We have very little towards it, right now. We are kept more than busy trying to provide for our hundreds of missionaries in their far-flung outposts, as well as to maintain our training houses in the

various sections of the United States.

We could borrow some money—but not enough; and we hate to go into debt. What can be done about it? We cannot put off building; that would mean putting off new students, and that would mean putting off the training of missionaries who are sorely needed right now in at least a thousand places in the fields afar.

But if God inspires hundreds of young Americans to dedicate their lives to the task of taking His message over the world, He will certainly inspire others to go "part way" and provide the building necessary for the training of the future apostles.

The man in the Gospel said, "To beg, I am ashamed." That's one thing nobody can ever say about us! We do not wish to bother you, yet we believe that it is our duty to inform you about our need. We feel sure that there are thousands of individuals throughout our country who would be interested in sharing in this project for the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

Will you please tell just one of your friends about this need? Whether it will be a classroom or a single brick that your friend will contribute, we shall be glad to have his or her cooperation.

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P.O., New York.

Here is \$..... for the Maryknoll seminary, Glen Ellyn, Illinois.
I'll send more when I can.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....Zone.....State.....



Jungle Grave

by Robert E. Lee

AN EXCITED Indian came riding into the village one morning and galloped up to the mission. He handed me a note scribbled in curious Spanish. The message had been written by a friend of his father. It requested me to come quickly, for the father was dying. Immediately I made my arrangements for the eighteen-mile trip. Isaias Gasca loaned me his big horse, Gigante. The hammock, the cassock, and the Mass kit were tied on the beast. And I was off with Maximo, the son of the dying Maya Indian.

As we rode along, I thought of the old gentleman I was hurrying to see. Sebastian Chi was a fine man. He had lived an upright life among his fellows and had always given me a royal welcome when I visited his village. He had built a cement altar in the local, palm-thatched chapel, so that Mass could be fittingly celebrated.

Sebastian was still alive but only semiconscious when we arrived. While I was administering Extreme Unction, he partially regained his senses; enough, at least, to recognize the black cassock of the Padre. A look of joy and contentment spread over his bronzed face. The peace in

his eyes seemed to say, "Everything is all right; the Padre got here in time." He tried to speak, but the words remained a rumble in his throat. Then he lapsed into a coma.

Sebastian Chi passed away that night at half past eight. Before the last moment came, the oldest son raised his father to a sitting position in the hammock. The young man then helped the head of the family trace the final, paternal blessing. Each member of the household knelt in turn for the benediction of the dying man. He was dearly loved by all; even his husky son broke down and cried.

When Sebastian had breathed his last, the oldest Indian in the settlement pronounced him dead. His body was lowered onto some freshly cut palm leaves that were strewn on the floor. He was then dressed in four sets of his simple white cotton suits, in keeping with local custom.

The coffin was built from a half-dozen empty gasoline crates, and it was lined with cloth painted with bluing. A big, black cross was emblazoned across the cover. Into his jungle grave, about twenty yards from the house, the family lowered the mortal remains of Sebastian Chi.



Monsignor Romaniello (upper photo) demonstrates Connecticut's gift to the Kweilin mission. (Below) Father Quirk guards twenty-five crates of supplies.

Chinese Cheers for Stamford

The Gingerbread
Mountains
Get a New Look

by William A. Fletcher

DOWN THE DUSTY, narrow roads that wind through Kweilin's gingerbread mountains, whose odd shapes and sizes would make them very suitable as a backdrop for a production of "Hansel and Gretel," a little red

vehicle is bouncing along merrily these days.

To the simple South China country folk of the Kweilin region, the jeep is not a new vehicle. They became used to seeing the olive-brown jeep during the war, when the United States Air Force had a considerable number of men stationed in the Kweilin area.

But this new jeep that speeds about the countryside is something quite different. Its olive-brown color is gone, and a flaming red is now its hue. The new color is auspicious in itself, because red is the Chinese color for happiness. But also notable is the fact that no soldiers drive this modern "air vehicle"; instead, it is directed by a rotund, smiling man, known as Monsignor Moonface—or, in the American original, Monsignor John Romaniello.

The jeep was a gift to Monsignor Romaniello from a group of warm-hearted people in Stamford, Connecticut. By means of it, Monsignor is able to cover his widespread territory more effectively. Supplies are carried in the jeep to missionaries in outlying stations; catechists are transported by it to scattered settlements, to give instruction in Catholic doctrine; and the youngsters of Kweilin are treated to some unexpected fun when Monsignor takes them along for a ride.

Maryknoll acknowledges all mail as soon as possible after we have received it. If your letter to us has not been acknowledged, may we ask you to let us know?

Getting the jeep to Kweilin is a story in itself. Monsignor Romaniello, fresh from a furlough in the United States, arrived in Canton to

find the jeep, a bicycle, and twenty-five packing cases of medicine and other supplies awaiting him. After going through the labyrinthine maze of customs, Monsignor had to transport all the supplies to the railroad, where he had everything loaded aboard a flatcar for Kweilin.

Accompanying Monsignor on the trip was Father Thomas N. Quirk, who was en route to Kweilin to take up temporary duty. Along with other Maryknollers, Father Quirk had been forced from his regular mission in Manchuria, when the Reds moved into the Maryknoll area there.



Sisters Miriam and Cornelia get a back-seat view of China

JESUS COMES FOR EVERYBODY

A new look at God, how He made His world, why and how Jesus was born, how He spent His boyhood, how He came not for any single people or race, but for the sons and daughters of all mankind. Illustrated in color.

Garden City. \$1.00



MY BOOK ABOUT GOD

MY BOOK ABOUT GOD

4-6 yrs. \$3.00

CHARMING LETTER PAPER

Printed in color on quality paper, envelopes to match. 12 for 35¢; 24, boxed, \$.60

No. 255—Chinese Proverbs
No. 250—Three Singers

HIGH ROAD IN TARTARY

Story of Abbe Huc's celebrated journey: Peking to Lhasa. \$2.75

NOTE CARDS

Beautiful, full-color decorated folders with envelopes. 10 for \$.40; 30, boxed, \$1.00

No. 201—Assorted designs
No. 202—Our Lady of Maryknoll design

WOMEN'S ROSARIES

All rosaries have Our Lady of Maryknoll centerpiece.

No. 310—Amethyst, blue or green beads. State choice....\$2.75
No. 320—Fine white crystal beads..\$4.75

NEW DAWN IN JAPAN

A vivid "I was there" story by Everett Briggs, M.A.\$2.75

MEN'S ROSARIES

No. 301—Black beads, strong chain, oxidized crucifix. The centerpiece bears the image of Our Lady of Maryknoll...\$1.75

TALES OF XAVIER

True stories from the life of the Saint. \$2.90

THE CHURCH'S WORLD WIDE MISSION

A new book by Bp. James E. Walsh. \$3.00

SCAPULAR MEDALS

Regulation Scapular Medals for men with the figure of Our Lady of Maryknoll.

No. 402—Sterling medal.....60c
No. 404—Sterling medal and man's 24" chain.....\$2.35

THE MAN ON JOSS STICK ALLEY

Biography of Maryknoll's Father Daniel McShane..\$2.75

SCAPULAR MEDALS

Regulation Scapular Medals for women, with the figure of Our Lady of Maryknoll.

No. 407—Sterling and blue enamel medal, 18" chain, \$2.25
No. 403—Sterling medal with 18" chain, \$1.65

PYRGLASS WALL PLAQUES

A glorious, full-color reproduction of Our Lady of Maryknoll mounted on wood by Pyrglass process. Order by number.

No. 2A (5").....75c
No. 2C (7").....\$1.50
No. 2B (12")...\$4.50

STOP KILLING DRAGONS

Delightful portrait of South China life. \$2.35

EVERYBODY'S GOOD SHEPHERD PLAQUES

Full-color reproduction of the little Good Shepherd leading children of all nations. Order by number.

No. 4B (5 1/2" with easel stand)...\$1.10
No. 4A (5 1/2" for wall).....85c

WORLD MISSION TOUR

Two volumes covering the entire mission world. Volumes sell singly for \$5.90. Both volumes.....\$3.90

THE MARYKNOLL BOOKSHELF

Maryknoll P. O., N. Y.

Please send the books checked_____

\$_____ enclosed.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____

Zone_____

State_____

Big Day in Banana Tree Village

by Fred Becka



BANANA TREE village is away out in the country, a good, six-hour walk from Paksha. This is the village where the Kom clan lives, a group whose members have been Catholics from away back. The Kom clan was providing Peter with a wife.

The village could be reached only on foot. On the way I had to wade across a cold mountain stream that made my teeth chatter. The trail wound around the hills like a serpent; wormed its way through pine groves; cut across rice fields. Then Banana Tree village spoke its welcome with a blare of fireworks.

After the evening meal, there were confessions and night prayers. I could just about keep my eyes open, during the final talk around a glowing wood fire built on the mud floor of the parlor. My bed was a door, taken off its wooden hinges and laid across two wooden horses. I fell asleep quickly, in spite of the racket the musicians were making outside.

The wedding was at dawn. And then I saw red! For the bride-to-be stepped from her wedding chair, in which she had been carried from her own village. The young lady was dressed in red from head to foot. She even carried a red handkerchief—perhaps the first handkerchief she ever owned, for few Chinese tolerate such a luxury.

Unfamiliar with the house of the groom, which she was entering for the first time, the bride forgot to duck

as she went through the doorway. Consequently she banged her poor head on the door beam. The ladies-in-waiting roared with glee. The groom assumed a disgusted look that seemed to ask, "What kind of dumb bunny am I being tied up with, anyway?"

The bride's face turned the color of her wedding dress, for her embarrassment was acute. Thereafter she was almost too eager to get the whole thing over with. Usually in China it takes lots of coaxing, threats, and proddings to persuade the young bride to say, "I do." But Morning Calm (for that was her name) shocked the onlookers by answering readily. After the nuptial Mass, Morning Calm rushed off to her room to cry her eyes out for the embarrassment of it all.

But she came back again in time to carry out the Chinese custom that culminates a wedding feast. The missionary and the local bigwigs were enthroned in large chairs. The bride and groom approached each in turn, bowed low three times, and offered tea and betel nuts. In return we were expected to drop a gift (usually money) onto the lacquered tray. Such money becomes the property of the bride. It is the last that the little thing will be able to call her own.

I left the festive village the following morning, after Mass. The musicians and their music were still going strong.



THE SUPERIOR GENERAL'S CORNER

by Bishop Raymond A. Lane, Superior General of Maryknoll

Some months ago I attended the annual meeting of the Catholic Church Extension Society in Chicago. This home-mission organization has made a remarkable record. More than a year ago, Bishop O'Brien, the president, told me that the Society had passed the five-thousand mark in chapels erected in the mission dioceses of our country.

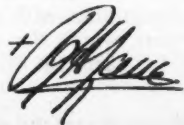
If you have ever journeyed into areas where Catholics are few and scattered, and unable to maintain strong parishes, you have been in the domain of Extension. It is the Society's work to care for those who cannot care for themselves in this land of ours. Throughout the States of the South, in remote spots of the Rockies, and among Japanese and Filipinos on the Pacific Coast, the silent guest who so frequently makes Mass and the sacraments possible is Extension.

The Extension idea was primarily that of the late Bishop Francis Clement Kelley, who was encouraged by Archbishop Quigley of Chicago. Not long ago, Bishop Melancon of Chicoutimi, far up the Saguenay River in the Province of Quebec, told me of a meeting of Father Kelley and four other clerics, in the very house in which we were talking, to discuss the foundation of this Catholic Church Extension Society.

It is significant and, indeed, quite appropriate, that Extension and Maryknoll should both have had as a sort of birthplace the Catholic Province of Quebec. It was in the lobby of a hotel in Montreal that Fathers Walsh and Price first met to plan the foundation of Maryknoll. Chicoutimi can claim similar honors for Extension.

Extension's slogan, "One dollar will support a missionary priest one day," has brought the Society over three-quarters of a million dollars for this purpose. We of Maryknoll know how precious such aid is to missionaries in the field. The mere listening to the reports at the Chicago meeting convinces one of the sound lines along which Extension is conducted by the able and genial Bishop O'Brien, under the wise direction of Cardinal Stritch.

Maryknoll wishes continued success to Extension, in all its activities, its widely known magazine; its service to mission priests, which provides chapels and church equipment; its Order of Martha, under the direction of Father Reed, which supplies vestments and altar linens to many poor dioceses of this country.



Can We Put New Life in the Jungle?

The boom is gone — the bust is on

by Thomas J. Danehy

THE economic crisis that has already taken hold in our mission territory, the Beni and Pando districts of Bolivia, will be aggravated further as the price of our jungle rubber descends lower and lower. This situation constitutes one of our principal problems.

During the war years, money flowed freely here, because of the excellent price paid for the rubber by the Rubber Development Corporation of the United States Government. However, because unequal distribution of wealth has always characterized this section, the majority of the people lived from day to day without any thought of setting aside something for the future. Most of the workers could not set anything aside, as only their pri-



Each pound of Amazon rubber costs hours of hard and tedious labor



During the war, rubber was so precious that it came out of the jungle by plane

many needs were taken care of; comforts, in the broadest acceptance of that term, were unknown.

Even if it were possible that another rubber boom should be in the offing, the economic problem could not be solved by it. Such a boom would mean only another temporary

period of relief from the ever-present problem of getting three square meals a day. Habitually, owners of large tracts of land have exploited the workers, taking the millions of income for themselves, with little or no thought of their employees. There is no indication that this system will be changed.

Most of the money that has been made in this territory has not been used to develop the territory in any way, or to gain economic advantages for the people. Instead, the money has been deposited in banks in England, the United States, and Argentina. Recently the fortune made by the founder of one rubber company was divided among the heirs, most of whom now live outside of Bolivia, and have little or no interest in the company or the Bolivian people. Each heir has deposited his share towards a small working capital for the continuance of the work. Evi-



Father Danehy heads the Pando mission

dently no money will be invested by the former owners to introduce large-scale agriculture or cattle raising—industries that would allow the resident people of this territory to draw some benefit from the land. Indeed, if such a plan were evolved and put into effect, it would not completely solve the problem; for people would still be living as serfs, without the advantages of being small landowners and without economic independence.

Apart from rubber, the only staple crop is the Brazil nut. This cannot provide for the needs of the region: (a) because of the difficulties in gathering the nuts from the woods; (b) because of the lack of cheap transportation to the coast; (c) because of the high export duty placed on the Brazil nut by the government; (d) finally, because of the lack of foreign markets.

Bolivia has no seaport, and the Beni and Pando districts are shut off commercially from the rest of the country. Consequently, imports will always be costly. Airplanes, while safe, are expensive as means of providing the primary necessities of the region; boats, while reducing the expense, involve long delays, and river travel has grave dangers. Even modern vehicles are of little use, because roads, in any modern sense of the word, do not exist.

Apart from such crops as yuca, rice, and corn, along with a wide variety of fruits, the necessities of life must come in from outside this territory. Agriculture and cattle raising have never been tried on a large

Give and Save

Gifts to Maryknoll donated out of one's current income are deductible for Federal Income Tax purposes to the extent of fifteen percent of the donor's total income.

scale, and consequently the cost of living is beyond all proportion to what it should be in such a region.

Solving the economic problem would help immensely to solve the spiritual problem with which missionaries are faced. A partial solution would be the establishment of centers of agriculture along the rivers. If this plan were studied thoroughly and the necessary equipment were provided, the project could succeed in the Beni district. Starting with sugar, for instance, the undertaking would assure an income each year, because of the high prices that are paid for it.

We are convinced that, by application of the Church's social principles, the welfare of the people here can be vastly improved.

Even youngsters follow the rubber tree paths in the jungle to gather the sap





Mountain Maypole

A proud Aymara appeared recently in the gorgeous head-dress above at a great Indian fiesta in La Paz, Bolivia.



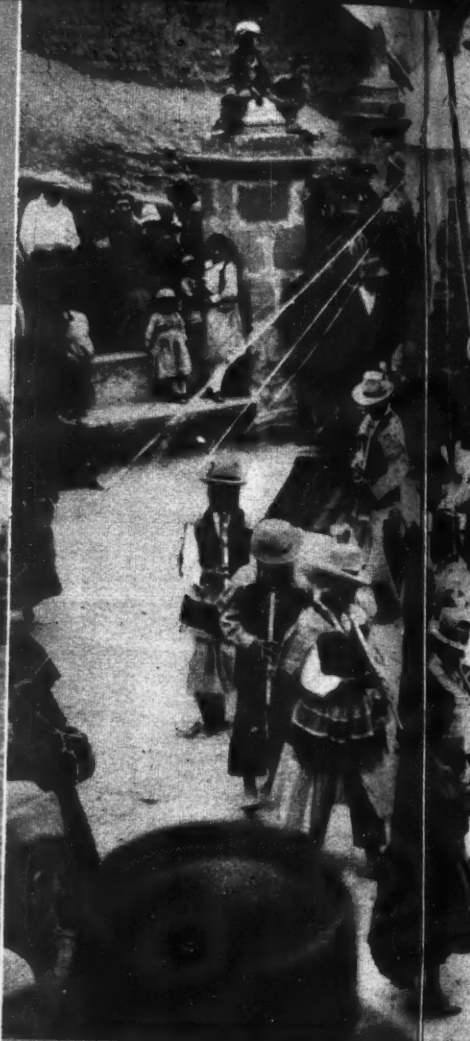
In tiny groups as they journey to the May feast, the Indians swirl in their ancient dances.

The Peruvian Indian's horn (below) echoes far into the Andes calling the mountain-folk to dance the cuequa.





A huge mass of folk history is bound up in the costume of this boy who talks to Father Hahn. The miserable mountain huts of the Indians miraculously guard such finery for each year's great feasts.

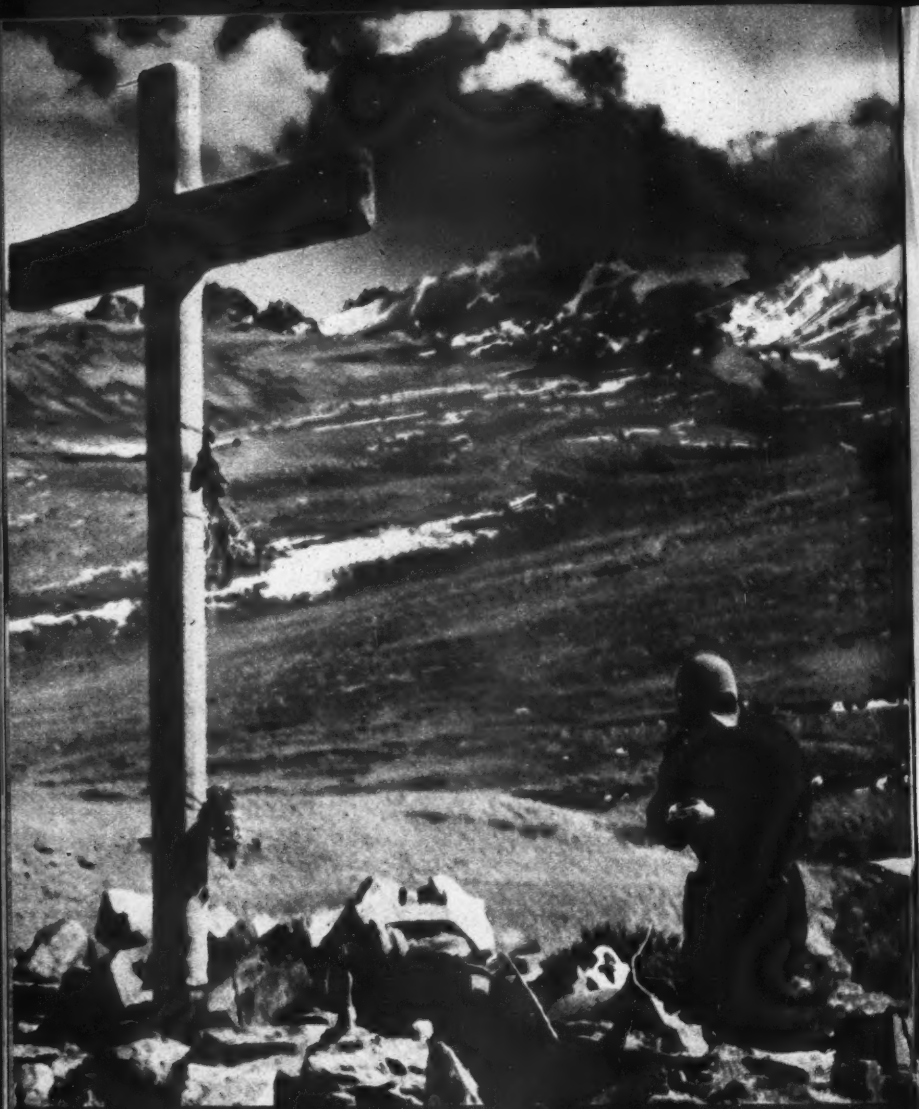


For the May festival, every village provides a vibrant scene that vibrates ceaselessly to the strident power of music, mented by panpipes and drums. The only music of the Andes, like peoples everywhere, deep. True students of the human heart, the priests and the music, but elevated them from page



age provides its Maypole, and the air
ent power of the Peruvian flute, suppl-
The early missionaries found the Indians
when, deeply attached to their dances.
rt, the priests respected both the dances
n from pagan to new Christian themes.





The life of the Peruvian Indian, like his homeland in the Andes, is gaunt and harsh. His fiestas are his only recreation; his God his only solace.

Marathon Sick Calls

by John F. Smith



AN OLD WOMAN was sick in a village seventeen miles from this mission of Chiklung (South China). I started out on foot in a heavy rain-storm. The umbrella soon became useless. Small footpaths were mostly underwater, so it was not necessary to take off shoes and stockings when crossing small streams: I walked through them, shoes and all. At about the halfway point, a stream was in flood; that is, about chest high. Shortly before I arrived, a woman had drowned trying to cross. Some onlookers advised me not to attempt the crossing, but I made it—about fifty yards—without too much difficulty. The fact that I am a head taller than the average Chinese helped greatly.

A mile from the village, the path that I was familiar with was impassable, and I asked a farmer to guide me by a roundabout route. At the village, the first person to greet me was the sick woman herself. She was up and around, because the danger of death had passed. I just plopped down, wet to the skin, famished, and exhausted from walking most of the day through mud and water. After a night's rest on a primitive bed I walked the seventeen miles back to the mission.

On long sick calls like this, it takes the messenger a day's journey on foot to notify the priest, and another day

for the priest to get to the sick person. We often find that the patient has already recovered, or has died.

Another sick call in the same neighborhood took me three days to complete. It occurred during a severe famine. Knowing the general situation, I felt sure that the illness was really starvation, so I took my cook along with some extra rice. As usual we started out in a heavy, sub-tropical rainstorm. But this time, when we got to the river, it was too deep to cross. A farmer killed a chicken for our supper and put us up for the night. My clothes were soaking wet; the farmer loaned me a pair of trousers and a shirt while he dried my clothes.

Next morning the river was passable. We found that the sick man was really starving, so the cook made some rice gruel, and we contributed a small reserve supply of food. Today that man is up and around.

I must say that I prefer rain to sunshine for long walks during the hot summer. One time, on an eighteen-mile sick call under the broiling sun, I arrived at the half-way point exhausted and thirsty. In a roadside tea stand, I thought I would take a five-minute rest on a wooden bench. Instead, I fell asleep—and awakened two hours later. I'm glad to record that the Chinese anointed on that trip is still living.



HAVE YOU AN EXTRA TICKET?

IT'S HARDLY PROBABLE that lying in your bureau drawer is an unused ticket for Kweilin, China, or for Tanganyika, Africa, or for Antofagasta, Chile. But it is possible that you would like to help us solve our "ticket" problem. Twenty-seven new Maryknoll priests have been assigned to the missions. Their boxes have been packed; their last good-bys have been said. They are anxious and ready to begin their work for Christ among the peoples of strange and distant lands. But in order to reach their mission fields, they need travel tickets. The total fare for each missionary is \$500.

And that, in brief, is the root of the problem. Twenty-seven times \$500 is \$13,500. That sum must be found, somehow. If you can't help, will you kindly recommend the idea to someone else? We shall be grateful for any portion of the \$500, no matter how large or how small. If you will supply the fare, we will see that the missionaries get there.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK.

I enclose \$..... to help pay the passage of one Maryknoll missionary to his field of work. I wish him success!

My Name.....

Street.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

ALMOST anything can happen in Chile. Take the other day, for example. Two young men asked if they could borrow my *cabra* (a two-wheeled buggy drawn by a horse). The young men wished to make a trip to Yungay, a near-by town. I let them use the *cabra*, thinking that I should have no need for it.

But just about an hour after the young men had gone, a sick call came in. I had to search the town to borrow another *cabra*. Finally, one was found, and we started for the country.

On the road one of the wheels fell off without any warning. Picking myself up from the dust, I made sure that the Blessed Sacrament was safe. We then searched for a missing bolt, and found it about two blocks back. The man with me did not know how to repair the trouble. I had to put the wheel back in place, and luckily I was able to borrow a wrench at a farmhouse.

Returning from the sick call, I saw a young man urging his horse on for all it was worth. He stopped when he saw me and explained that the horse I had loaned to the two young men could not make the return trip. He had borrowed this horse, to bring my *cabra* and the young men back.

I told him to bring my buggy back immediately. It was late that night when the three men entered the yard. Then I learned the reason for the delay; during the visit at Yungay, one of the borrowers had left the gate open, and both my horse and another got away in the dark. They were still missing.

We started a search for the two missing horses. Mine found his way

back home; the police discovered the other in a near-by park. The young men had to pay fines for their negligence. In my opinion, it was a good lesson for them; perhaps they'll close gates in the future.

Other unusual things have been happening lately. Quite a few men and women have been coming to make arrangements to be married after Easter. That surely is a good sign, in a region where many persons have developed the notion that marriage is not necessary for Catholic family life.

It isn't every day that the old church here is given a new coat of stucco. The work was made possible by the help of some kind friends in the States. "You've spruced up the old church in fine fashion, Padre!" said one of the laggard wives in Pemuco. "My man and I have decided to come to Mass next Sunday."

This may sound exaggerated, but the seemingly impossible seems to happen in Chile.

I Loaned My Horse

by James J. Rottner



THREE MINUTE Meditation

"Thus therefore shall you pray: Our Father . . ." (*Matt. vi. 9*)

THE APOSTLES must have raised their eyebrows at Christ's reply. They had asked Him how to pray. And He had answered, "Thus therefore shall you pray: Our Father . . ."

We are so familiar with this prayer that it requires some imagination to realize the impact of the word "Father" on the first Twelve. They were devout men, but to them God was a tremendously awesome Being. Never in a million years would they have dreamed of calling God by such a familiar, almost informal, name.

The account in the Gospel is brief, but we are not being fanciful to suppose that quite a discussion followed the very first recitation of the Lord's Prayer. For instance, in explaining the petition "Thy kingdom come," Christ undoubtedly enthralled His chosen ones by painting for them a picture of the countless millions, the entire universe of men, whom that petition embraced.

Later, Christ had died on Calvary, and the moment had come for His ascension. Solemnly He bade His first leaders—and in them all their successors—build up that kingdom of the Heavenly Father. "Going, therefore, teach ye all nations: baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

Conclusion: In the course of my prayers, perhaps I recite the Our Father ten times daily. Do I recall clearly enough *whom* I am praying to, when I say, "Our Father"? Do I recall *whom* I am praying *for*, when I say, "Thy kingdom come"?

God's Word, not

IF MEN COULD solve the religious problems of men, it is surely high time they did so. They have had at least six thousand years—perhaps six times six thousand, for all that science knows about the age of man on earth—in which to attain the objective. They tried hard and are still trying. That they ever tried with any hope, promise, or shadow of success, however, only an incurable optimist would seriously maintain.

The religious chaos that has existed throughout the history of the world is a natural outcome of the ill-starred efforts. The widespread irreligion that has always gone with it is another unfortunate but logical consequence. Saddest phenomenon of all is the immense accumulation of broken, disillusioned, and spiritually impoverished lives, in every age and all over the earth, that resulted from those foredoomed experiments with the human soul. Any sincere attempts to help men are undoubtedly laudable. In the field of religion, however, the best efforts of the wisest men are not nearly good enough for the lowliest man.

THERE are many reasons for the failure of such well-intentioned endeavors. One of them is the fact that the person who sets out to solve the problems of all men is necessarily solving his own individual problem at the same time—a circumstance that is almost certain to rob him of complete objectivity. The human race is not led by reason, although it could be; it is led largely by its desires, although it shouldn't be. God made men in His image and likeness, and endowed them with a certain perception of natural religion. But men prefer to make God in their own image and likeness, particularly the primitive savages and modern in-

the Missioner's

Intellectuals who have been the chief contrivers of religious and philosophical systems.

The mistake is an understandable one, although it is no less fatal for that reason. Men deal with what they know; and as Confucius said, they do not know much about the other world when confined to their own unassisted powers. In this finding, the old sage stumbled on the more basic and peremptory cause of the failure, and a great Christian philosopher was later to agree with him. "Without the Incarnation," said Saint Augustine, "it is hard for men to know God." Herein lies the true reason for the perennial incapacity of us men in the realm of religion: our own limitations. We are beyond our depth in this particular matter. No religion that we are capable of creating could possibly be of much use to anybody.

THIS approach is provided by the Catholic missionary. Instead of presenting himself as an almost divine seer with a human message, he approaches his people as a very human and humble person with a divine message. "Here is what God teaches," the missionary says in effect; "and because He revealed it for all men, I have gone to some trouble to convey it to you. I do not teach anything of myself. And since I should never dream of taking my own rules of life from any man or set of men, however wise, I do not recommend such human guides to you. What you and I wish to know in a matter of this kind is what God has to say concerning it."

The divine answer is what the people unknowingly seek, and every effort should be made to disclose it to them. It can be disclosed in God's time, if God's messengers are numerous and zealous enough. "Behold, I stand at the gate, and knock" (*Apoc. iii: 20*).

Maryknoll

The Field Afar

Catholic Foreign Mission
Society of America

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL
THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



Maryknoll was established in 1911 by the American Hierarchy to prepare missionaries from the United States and to send them forth, under the direction of the Holy See, to the mission fields of the world.

This Month's Cover

These Chinese farmers are very busy during the harvest season. But when the bell of the mission chapel sounds, they gladly give a few minutes of



precious daylight for the "three-bell prayer," the Chinese name for the *Angelus*. These simple people are proud to prove that they are children of Mary and devoted to the Mother of the Word made Flesh.



Quonset Schoolhouse

Father Kiernan Again Makes Architectural News

WHEN HE WAS a missionary in the Wuchow Diocese of South China, Father Thomas V. Kiernan, of Cortland, N. Y., built a church that won attention for its fine style of ecclesiastical architecture. Pictures of the church found a place in the pages of *Liturgical Arts* magazine.

Now, Father Kiernan is pastor of Saint Joseph's parish, at Hilo, on the "Big Island" in the Hawaiian Islands. Once again, he is making news in architectural circles—this time with a

large, new elementary school that features quonset construction.

The photograph on this page shows Bishop James J. Sweeney, of Honolulu, blessing the new school, with Father Kiernan leading the procession. Holding the Bishop's cope are two Maryknoll Missioners—Fathers Laurence S. Vaughan, of Salt Lake City, Utah, and William F. Desmond, of Revere, Mass., both curates in busy Saint Joseph's.

The new school is ideally designed for the climate of which the Hawaiian



The new Hilo school counts eighteen well-equipped classrooms like this one

people are so proud. A health expert would comment immediately on the bright, airy rooms. The teaching Sisters are enthusiastic about the generous windows, and the practical manner in which the classrooms are designed. The pupils think the new school is just about as wonderful as you'd find anywhere.

The main building houses eighteen classrooms, a library, a clinic, and offices. The cafeteria occupies a quonset building, and a second quonset structure serves as combination auditorium-and-recreation room. Now that the elementary grades are provided for, activities are under

way to give St. Joseph's a high school.

The up-to-the-minute building is a far cry from the first Catholic school constructed in Hilo. Away back in 1869, Father Patrick O'Reilly built that first one, to teach English to forty-two pupils. Since then, the Sacred Heart Fathers, the Marianist Brothers, and the Franciscan Sisters (from Syracuse, N. Y.) have all played generous roles in educating Hilo's boys and girls.

Early in January of this year, Father Kiernan and his parishioners witnessed one of the dubious treats of living near volcanoes. The mighty Mauna Loa, which is a great moun-

The ceremony at St. Joseph's included Bishop Sweeney's blessing of the flag





The new school boasts nine pair of twins; our photographer caught seven

tain 13,675 feet high, thirty-four miles southwest of Hilo, staged one of its periodic eruptions. From its 2,000-acre crater, sulphurous, blood-red slag geysered a thousand feet into the sky, visible two hundred miles away in Honolulu. From a mile-long crack in the crater floor, lava gushed forth. One lava flow that poured out of the flaming caldron, threatened to move on Honaunau but stopped

along the mountainside. In the middle of the night, after two days of eruption, a sharp earthquake rocked the city and the Big Island.

For some years, Maryknollers have helped meet the spiritual needs of a great portion of the inhabitants of the Big Island—Hawaii itself—which is the largest member of the Hawaiian archipelago. They also care for Sacred Heart Church in Honolulu.

The model cafeteria is an example of the school's quonset construction



T
of
Tw
an
sio
of
co
yo
yo
An
th
la

g
w
p
th
re
S
T
w
H
N
ti
P
n
s

YOUNG MEN who feel a strong desire to toll for the souls of heathen people, and who are willing to go afar with no hope of earthly recompense, and with no guarantee of a return to their native land, are encouraged to write, marking their letter. Personal, to the Editor of THE FIELD AFAR.

HELP WANTED

THE ABOVE NOTICE was printed in THE FIELD AFAR in 1911, by one of the co-founders of Maryknoll, Father James A. Walsh. Two American priests—Father Walsh and Father Thomas F. Price, a missionary in North Carolina—had dreamed of forming a mission society in this country, drawing its vocations from the youth of America, and training those young men to be the representatives of America in the great work of spreading the word of God to the people of mission lands, particularly in the Far East.

In 1911, His Holiness, Pope Pius X, gave his approval to the plan. Then, with the enthusiastic consent and support of the archbishops and bishops of the United States, the dream became a reality: the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America was established. The major seminary of the new Society was erected on a hill overlooking the Hudson, a few miles outside Ossining, New York. From the Seminary's location on a knoll, dedicated to Mary, Protectress of missionaries, the popular name for the Society—"Maryknoll"—springs.

The notice in the early FIELD AFAR

was one of Father Walsh's first efforts to tell American youth about Maryknoll, and to invite them to join the ranks of the newly established Society. He placed the question squarely before all young men who were interested in the spread of the Faith in heathen lands. His words were a call to arms; they promised nothing, except separation from loved ones, the hardships of mission life and, perhaps, the lonely death of exile in a foreign land.

American youth answered this challenge with characteristic eagerness. At first a few, and then year by year greater numbers of young men of varying ages, from every part of the United States, made their way to Maryknoll to begin the long period of training necessary to shape them spiritually, intellectually, and physically into front-line soldiers of Christ's missionary army. Today, there are more than eight hundred students in Maryknoll preparatory schools throughout the country.

Every year since 1918, a group of young priests and Brothers has left the doors of the major Seminary, after the beautiful Departure Ceremony, to begin the long journey to mission posts in

REQUIREMENTS

For Maryknoll Priesthood

Age: Young men of high-school or college age.

Character: Applicants must have excellent character and the recommendations of their pastors and teachers. They should be zealous, intelligent, generous, and pious.

Health: Good health is a "must" in overseas missions, where medical attention cannot always be obtained. Each candidate must furnish a complete medical report from his doctor.

Education: Credit is given for previous high-school and college work. Special classes in Latin are arranged for those who are deficient in this subject. Applicants may be required to pass an entrance examination before acceptance, or a placement examination after acceptance.

For Maryknoll Brotherhood

Age: Candidates must be between the ages of 21 and 30.

Character: Applicants must have excellent character and be recommended by their pastors. They should be willing to undertake whatever work is given to them, either in this country or abroad.

Health: Good health is a necessity for the Brothers as well as for the priests, and for the same reason.

Education: It is hoped that each candidate will have finished high school, but a high school diploma is not absolutely necessary for acceptance. Each candidate should, however, bring some manual skill or commercial experience that will be helpful in the work of Maryknoll, either at home or abroad.

lands across the sea. Year by year, the work of Maryknoll has grown and expanded. Before the war, it embraced six large areas on the mainland of China, as well as parts of Japan, the Philippines, and Hawaii. In recent years, at the request of the Holy See, Maryknoll Fathers and Brothers began work in the countries of South and Middle America, and then spread to

Africa also. Thirty million souls remain to be won in Maryknoll mission lands.

The need for missionary priests and Brothers has grown with the years. Many more "hands" are needed to work in the vineyard of the Lord. The Catholic Church looks to American youth for volunteers to obey the command of the Master: "Going, teach ye all nations."

(Tear off and mail for additional information.)

MARYKNOLL FATHERS

MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK.

**

Dear Fathers:

Please send me monthly literature about becoming a Maryknoll Brother (Check one). I understand this does not obligate me in any way.

Priest ()

Brother ()

My Name _____

Street _____

City _____

Postal Zone _____

State _____

Age _____

School _____

Grade _____

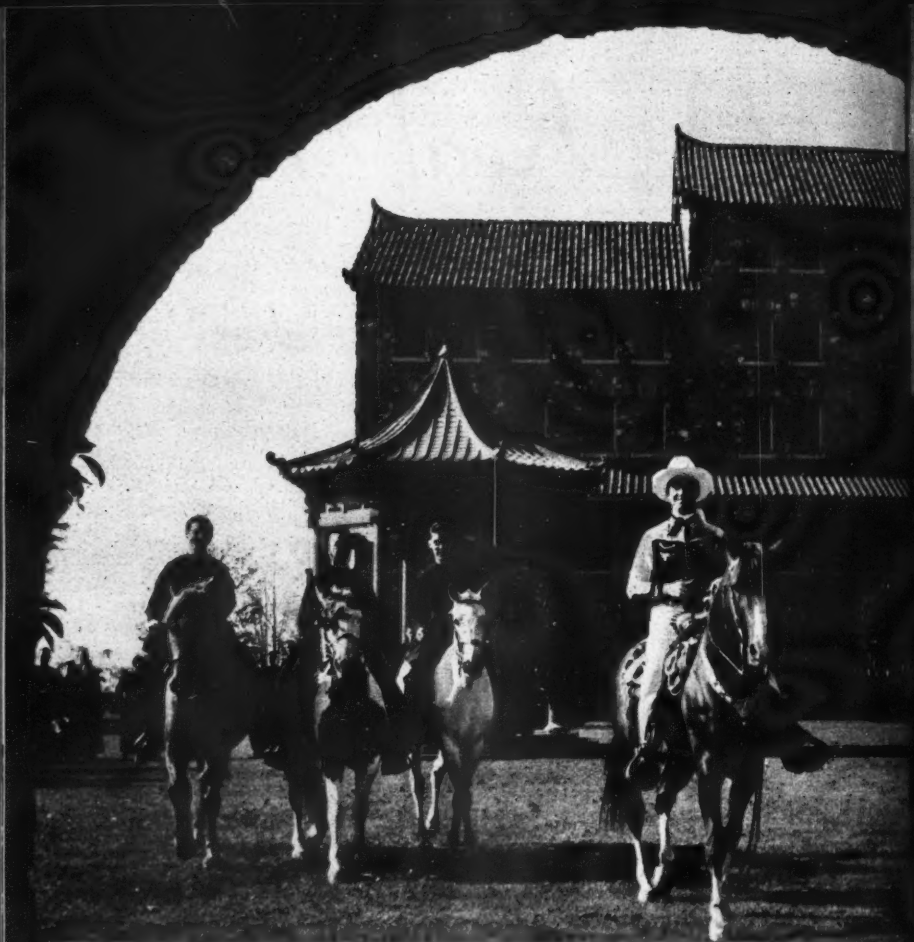
A Real Job...

by Gene Autry

PHOTOS BY BROTHER ALBERT WEL



A PHOTO STORY



RECENTLY, while appearing with my rodeo in New York City, I was invited to go up to Maryknoll Seminary and give some 250 seminarians, in final training there, a few pointers on the care of a horse. I accepted the invitation, loaded Champion into a van, and drove up, not knowing just what I would find. Even

among my Catholic friends, a seminary is a rather mysterious place.

When I reached Maryknoll and saw a massive stone building, with the green tiles of its roof curving in Chinese fashion, I remembered that the men who studied here were due to spend their lives overseas. I had been told that a good portion of their



time would be spent in the saddle—climbing mountains or riding the narrow paths between rice fields. A horse or mule would be their seven-league boots.

Now, I have been around horses since the time I was born on a ranch in Tioga, Texas, forty years ago. My father, a dealer in horses and cattle,

taught me many things. Here, at Melody Ranch in California's San Fernando Valley, I have an indoor tanbark where I train my own stock. Despite all this experience, I realize continually how much more I can still learn. I did not expect that I could cover more than a few high lights of the art of horsemanship in



the day I would spend at Maryknoll.

When the seminarians gathered about me in the quadrangle, they were an interesting lot—clear-eyed, strong-willed, stalwart fellows who looked as if they were prepared to

carry a load. I felt that I had come among real men. They hailed from all parts of America: the Western range country, the Pacific Coast, the Southland, the East. Some of them knew quite a piece about horses;





others didn't even know on which side to mount.

The seminarians had a couple of horses on hand, and with the help of a few seasoned riders, I tried to give the rest of the group some tips that would be of help. I explained how correct posture in the saddle will make long rides less fatiguing. I told these

young Maryknollers that knowing how to prepare a horse for a trip is as important as knowing how to ride. .

The seminarians were eager for every hint I could give. They impressed me as men who are interested in doing a good job no matter what task might be assigned to them. Two, who were astride mounts, assisting



me, were to be ordained in June, and would shortly be putting their knowledge into actual practice.

Every cowboy has a warm spot in his heart for the chuck wagon, and it wasn't surprising that at the end of the morning I found my way to the kitchen. Later, at lunch, Bishop Lane asked me how I liked my days in the

Army Air Force. I told him that I thought the Army was fine, and that Maryknoll reminded me of the Army. Only Maryknoll's soldiers wouldn't be going out with guns, nor would they be going out to spread destruction. They were going out to help people, armed only with ideals and prayer. I saw Maryknoll as a sort of





West Point of the Catholic Church.

After lunch one of my most pleasant moments came when someone produced a guitar. I taught these "tenderfeet" a couple of cowboy songs, and they taught me their own song, "Maryknoll, My Maryknoll."

I hope that my day's instruction will be of some use. I consider it a privilege to have been even of a little help. My business is entertainment—making people happy. But these Maryknoll men, and all like them, are preparing to do the real job.

AFIELD with the *MARYKNOLL* *SISTERS*

CHINA • JAPAN • KOREA

MANCHURIA • CEYLON • CAROLINES • PHILIPPINES

HAWAII • PANAMA • NICARAGUA • BOLIVIA • AFRICA

Children of Mary "Today in our dispensary, a man and his little daughter were brought in, after a long, wearying canoe trip down the river," reports Sister Mary Mercy, M.D.

"Bit by bit," continues Sister Mercy, "we heard the sad story of a whole family stricken with malaria. The disease claimed the mother and two little boys, aged three and four. Three other boys are still at home, awaiting the return of father and sister.

"The eight-year-old girl, Lola, kept reiterating the story of their tragic loss. She is an emaciated, pathetic little creature, who is very lovable. Someone had sent us a doll, and we gave it to Lola. She calls it Bonita (Pretty), because she says it is the prettiest thing she has ever seen.

"We bade Lola and her father good-by, and sent along what medicine we could for the boys at home."

Non-Christian Apostle As Sister Mary Dolorosa was walking along the street in Wuchow, South China, she saw a little, hunchbacked boy lying in the street. When Sister stopped to speak to him, he asked her for medicine, so she returned to

the convent to get some for him. The boy was a little beggar, who had been alone in the city since his mother returned to Loting, in the neighboring province, because of illness.

A week later, when the little hunchback was well enough to walk, he came to say good-by and to tell the Sisters that an uncle had arrived from Loting to take him home. The next day, Sister Dolorosa, on the way to Loting, was surprised to find the little chap on the same sampan. The youngster called his uncle to thank Sister for her kindness; and then he himself broadcast the story of Sister's

Circus in Kaying

Passing through Sim P'ou Hi, one of the villages of our mission route, we heard a great commotion behind us. When we turned, we saw about twenty children, delightedly following us and our baggage carriers. Our strange dress and our many baskets and bundles, suggested only one thing to them, so they shouted to each other, "The circus is coming to town!"

— *Kaying Sisters*

good deeds to all the passengers on the boat. It was an excellent bit of apologetics for the Church.

Flower Fire "One Sunday evening we went to the home of Mrs. Hiraga," writes Sister Maria Hostia, from Nara, Japan. "Our Sunday School children were to give a play, 'Our Lady of Fatima.'"

"The hilly, wooded garden rising behind the house made a beautiful setting, and lent itself well to the moments when Our Lady appears to the children and fades away after the apparition. We used a Roman candle, which the Japanese call 'flower fire,' to simulate the sun miracle, and we found it very effective among the trees.

"After the performance, each of the little actors was presented with a basket of candy, and all trudged off happily. We Sisters remained awhile, to enjoy the cool of the evening in the lovely garden, and to tell Mrs. Hiraga, our Buddhist hostess, more about Our Lady."

Exactly! From Wailuku, Maui, in the Hawaiian Islands, Sister Mary Hildegarde writes to tell us of the Catholic Action of some of her students: "The diocesan Catholic paper carried the

account of the work of the Communists in these parts, and the children were rather surprised to find this evil so close to home. 'Why do we let them do such things?' they asked. 'Exactly,' was the counter. 'Just why do we sit back and do nothing?'

"They took the challenge and decided they would spread literature, too. They bought a hundred excellent booklets on Our Lady of Fatima and gave them to neighbors or anyone else they thought they could interest. The results were encouraging. About fifty persons paid the girls and asked for more booklets. One was a public-school teacher who wanted more for distribution among her friends."

An Understatement "Saturday, we took all the children in the Poor School on their first picnic," writes Sister Mary Mark, from Kowloon-tong, Hong Kong. "Some of these children are so poor that they live in caves in the red-earth hills. We provided the lunch, and to say that they enjoyed it is an understatement. One little girl misunderstood and brought her own lunch; it consisted of one cold, boiled potato and a bottle of ordinary water."

Maryknoll Sisters, Maryknoll P. O., New York

Dear Sisters:

I enclose herewith \$_____ to be used for the direct work of saving souls.

My Name _____

Street _____

City _____

Zone _____

State _____

As long as possible, I will send \$_____ each month for the support of a Maryknoll Sister.

Sister Madeleine Maria is the new Superior of the Maryknoll Sisters who are taking up work in the Government Hospital in Kandy, Ceylon, all registered nurses who will care for sick bodies and souls.



Lucky are the South China youngsters these days who fall under the care of such as Sister Dolorosa of Wuchow. Jowls will be fat and clothes will be neat. Even before the Red advance, China's refugees totalled over 30,000,000.





MARYKNOLL WANT ADS.

Make It Hot for Him. Who will contribute part or all of the \$100 needed to buy a wood-burning stove for Father Collins, in Africa? He needs it for cooking.

America's Secret. "The Japanese people consider Christianity the reason for America's greatness and power," writes a Japanese. Father Murrett, finding ready interest in his apostolate among the natives of Tokyo, asks \$50 to buy altar cloths, incense, and cruets for his church.

Visual Aid. So that Father Manning's "parishioners" in Chile may have always before them a vivid reminder of Our Lord's sacrifice, this missionary needs \$20 for a crucifix. Let them never forget!

Eggs on the Cob. Corn, bought in 100-pound bags for \$4, is needed to feed hens that lay eggs for Father McNiff's underprivileged children in South America. Why not buy a bag?

Send Seeds. Missioners can live and work at their stations for about \$1 a day, because they raise much of their own food. From a \$10 lot of common vegetable seeds, they can grow food that would cost more than \$100 at the market. Father Siebert, in China, asks for seeds; they will multiply to a value many times greater.

Git a Hoss! Four extra legs for a missionary will so speed up his work that he will be able to cover more territory, and serve many now beyond reach. A horse costs \$100. Are you interested?

More Than Words — a rosary, a holy picture or a medal is important to a Mexican peon. The small gift seems to make his faith real. That is why Father Lomasney requests \$20 for 200 rosaries, 1,000 holy pictures, and 1,000 medals.

Confession is good for the soul — but confession requires a confessional. From Guatemala, Father McClear asks for \$30, so that one may be provided in his church.

Candle Power. Imagine an altar without candles! Father Keelan, in China, doesn't want to. He writes, "We could use 200 candles, if you get any such gift." No one has offered so many. Could you give \$5 for some candles?

"Very Urgent," says Father Bradley, begging for \$1,500 to put a roof on his mission. It is autumn now, in Chile; the cold winds will be blowing before the roofing is finished, unless the work is started immediately. Can you give part?

Saws, Planes, Hammers. Carpenter's tools in Father Brannigan's hands, applied to local lumber, will soon produce a much-needed church in the African district where he is working. Father can get materials and local labor, but he must have \$75 to buy tools. Will some good friend help him?

For Korea, where Father George Carroll is laboring, we ask \$50 to buy altar linens and altar cards. This handicapped missionary has none now, and needs them urgently.





WHAT A MISSIONER CAN DO

In China: One priest is instructing 8,000 people in preparation for Baptism; 2,000 souls were received into the Church in his mission in 1948.

In Japan: A Maryknoll missionary distributes food to 1,050 destitute Japanese every Saturday, teaching these people the meaning of Christian charity.

In Africa: Maryknoll priests are winning thousands from their superstitions every year.

In Latin America: When one Maryknoller made the first tour of his mission, he learned that he was shepherd of 90,000 Indians who had not seen a priest for 15 years. He baptized 5,000 on that trip.

HOW YOU CAN HELP

You may wish to help us perform the spiritual and corporal works of mercy. You can do so by making a gift to the Maryknoll Charity Fund. Any gift, large or small, will be welcome and it will be used in Asia, Africa, or Latin America.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS

MARYKNOLL P.O., N. Y.



INCA SHEPHERD BOYS. In the high reaches of the Peruvian Andes dwell Manuelito and his brother, Pepito. These descendants of the Indians of Inca days still dress and think in the past. Only in the acceptance of the Faith of Christ, have they changed.

